Song Of Satpal

I stabbed him, yes, but on my life
I only used a tiny knife,
I had my back against the wall,
It was an awful judgment call,
But if I hadn't stabbed him, I
Would then have been the one to die.

I stabbed him, yes, but in the front,
I'm only weak, a little runt,
And he was big as big can be,
He and his five friends came at me,
I stabbed him, for no other way
Would I still be alive today.

I stabbed him and I fled the scene?
Of course I did, don't be so mean!
I'd been attacked, I tell you, mate,
I wasn't even thinking straight,
No, it's not true that I was drunk,
That doctor is a lying punk.

I wanted to plead self-defence,
But Draycott had no common sense,
He said the knife wounds in the back
Was evidence of an attack,
Plead provocation, I was told,
Or you'll be in gaol till you're old.

That Draycott was a stupid git,
He really dropped me in the shit,
He misread it is plain to see
The report of the autopsy.
Most of the cuts were caused by glass
Not by my knife, the stupid arse.

The jury was all white, that's why
They thought I meant to kill the guy,
The judge said: "Go to gaol for life
For stabbing Clarke Pearce with a knife."
I didn't stab him, don't be mean;
It was that lying witch Nadine.

I didn't stab him, it's not true,
You wicked racists, I tell you,
An Asian man can't get a fair
Trial, in England or anywhere.
You're bloody bigots, all of you,
I didn't stab him, it's not true.

You ask me why I've no remorse,
Because I'm free of guilt, of course,
I didn't have a knife on me
That night in the *Sky Blue*, and see,
It wasn't murder, though he died,
Clarke Pearce committed suicide.

Can I go home now?